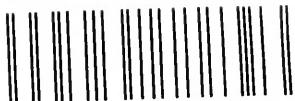


589
,89 C8

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 098 227 5

F 589
C89 C8
Copy 1

The LODGE OF NATURE'S TEMPLE



FROM
CHICAGO TO CRANDON
FOREST COUNTY, WIS.

11

JUL 11 1918

©GLASS 0537

Scene: A winding road through the heavy woods of Forest County, a few miles south of Crandon, the County seat of Forest County, Wisconsin.

A high-powered, touring car comes to a sudden stop. The driver, a Business Man from "Big City", takes out his maps and guide books; repeatedly he looks around as if uncertain of the road, when "Brother Crandon" steps out of the woods and hails him.

"Whence come you?"

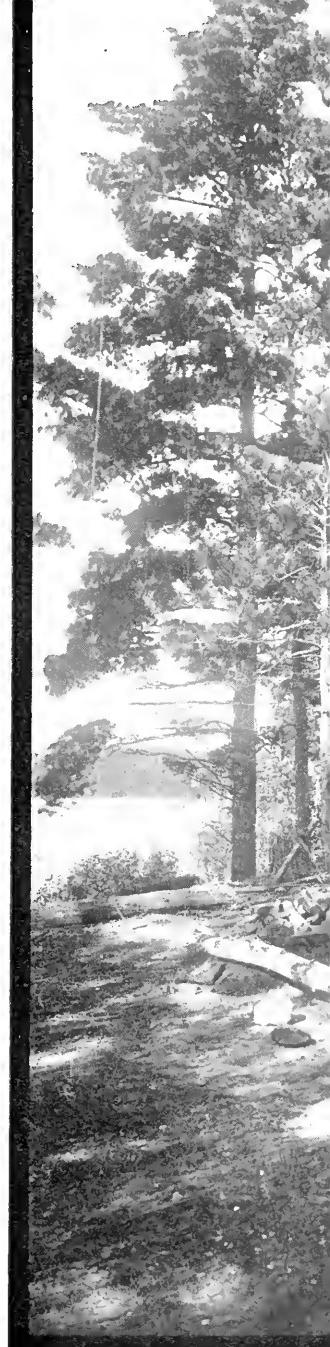
"From the maelstrom of the city," the Stranger answers.

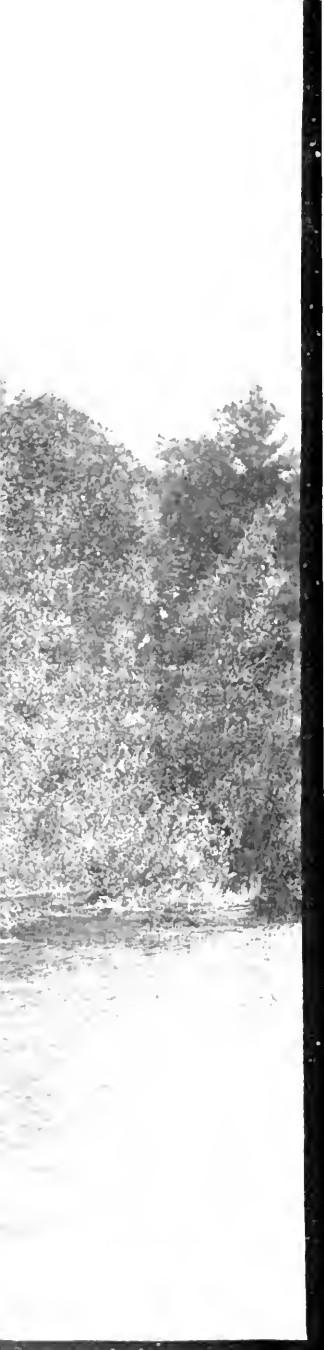
"Whither traveling?"

"From the South to the North, in search of Nature's Temple, where the storms of human strife are stilled."

"Stranger, you have not wandered far astray. You are at the threshold. Enter! Seek communion with Goddess "Nature". If you are worthy, well-qualified and willing, you shall gain what you are seeking. Come follow me!"

"Wait! I feel weak and need a strengthening potion, ere I step into the temple."





"Leave the remedies of man behind you, Stranger. Goddess Nature is our best physician. She will mix you an invigorating draft of all that is good and true in life. That will give you back the strength that you have lost."

The Stranger leaves the car and is conducted by Brother Crandon along a winding trail to Nature's Temple on the As-in-ig Ka-ge-mag. Recommended by Brother Crandon who leads the way, they are granted immediate audience with the Goddess. With courtlike manners they approach and stop before the throne and Brother Crandon speaks: "Goddess Nature! I come before you with a suffering Stranger, who was wounded in the sordid, never-ceasing battle 'twixt greed of gain and the happiness of human hearts. Heal him, Worthy Mother, quick! His strength is ebbing fast."

The Goddess looks with pity at the Stranger. A fleeting moment passes. Then, she says: "Brother Crandon, you are welcome, but have you the pass word, so that the Stranger, whom you are conducting, justly may gain entrance to my Temple?"

"Most Worthy and Exalted Mistress! Yes."

"Then, give it me."

"As-in-ig Ka-ge-mag."

"It is well." Turning to the Stranger, the Goddess continues: "Stranger! Brother Crandon just has spoken and I know he always speaks the truth. I can see your wounds are bleeding. Your body, mind and soul are crying out in silent prayer through your tired eyes. You need my help, indeed, but do you wish it? I cannot help you against your will."

With reverence, the Stranger listens and as the Goddess ends her speech, he says: "Goddess Nature, Queen of the Northern Woods, most Exalted Mistress!"

Through the distant mists of many years, my childhood's memories now bring back to me your cheering and inspiring countenance. Once I belonged to you, I worshipped at your shrine; but, in the bitter strife of life, my dues neglected, I was expelled. Now, I make amends. Take my all. Heal and admit me to your Temple as a Brother, who, with anxious heart, is willing to obey all Nature's laws. And I shall become as rich as few on earth!"

The Goddess smiles a wistful, fleeting smile and says: "Well spoken, Stranger. Lift your head. Be cheerful. I will admit you, since you are repentant of your sins. But you must make a vow and keep it sacred as your honor. Therefore, raise your right hand to your heart, lift your eyes towards the starry sky of hope and repeat the pledge that I now give you as the pledge of Nature's stalwart sons."

The Stranger, obeying instructions, repeats the pledge recited by the Goddess: "Nature is the Mother of all women, children, men. As such I greet her with reverence and love. My allegiance willingly I pledge her. Her laws I will obey. The creatures of her woods, her meadows, brooks, rivers, lakes, and open air I will protect and never wantonly destroy. "Live and let live" shall be my motto. Good and true fellowship the dictator of my heart. This I pledge with heart and soul, and should I ever violate my vow, may I forever be expelled from Nature's Temple and driven out into the barren deserts of a discontented mind."

The Goddess rises and taking the Stranger by both his hands, she says: "You are now a Worthy Brother of my Lodge."

"Goddess Nature, most Exalted Mistress!" The accepted Brother answers: "My heart is filled with gratitude. But tell me now what shall I do before I leave your Temple and join the battle line again?"





Opening wide her arms, with a smiling welcome on her lips, the Goddess answers: "Worthy and Accepted Brother! Stay here until you are rested, until your wounds are healed and your heart is filled with peace and happiness. Take your rod and reel and roam and rove along my brooks and streams. Or launch your bark canoe and seek the larger waters of my As-in-jig-Ka-ge-mag or my Metonga. Drift and dream an hour every day. Let the sun streams lighten the dark recesses of your heart. Stroll along my shady paths of leafy banks, where you'll be ravished with delight and wonder. Drink deeply of my fountain springs of youth, that are encompassed by my virgin woods. Let not the roar of the mighty, rushing winds above the treetops find you. But seek the places where the whispers of the forest spirits reach you as a murmuring breeze that carries music on its wings. Fill your lungs with air, spiced with the scent of pines and balsams, and fill your nostrils with the fragrance of the wild cherry blossoms."

"Seek the nooks of virgin woods and its cathedral walks, and let your God inspire you with creative thoughts. And whilst you are treading buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams the summer time away, you will dream your childhood's sunny dreams."

"And when the day is spent, the silvery mists of night will softly on the lake descend. Nature sleeps and you shall rest."

"Most happily you shall tarry here, exultant in the freedom from your irksome cares. For, 'what more felicity can man beget, than full enjoyment of a delightful liberty'!"

"Here, on the banks of gurgling brooks, on shores of sparkling lakes, where the waters glide at their

own sweet will, you shall rise each day to a symphony from the breasts of feathered songsters, when the sky begins to glimmer with the early streak of day just before the hazy ridges become suffused with sunny air."

"And, as the Sun stands tip-toe on the Banga Shimo Hill, hesitating ere He begins His lofty westward flight, you will thank your Maker, who is also mine, that you were born and given such a joy. In your throat will rise long, deep sobs of that mysterious, wonderous happiness that is so often one with pain."

"Now, depart, My Brethren, obey my laws and sin no more against yourself and me."

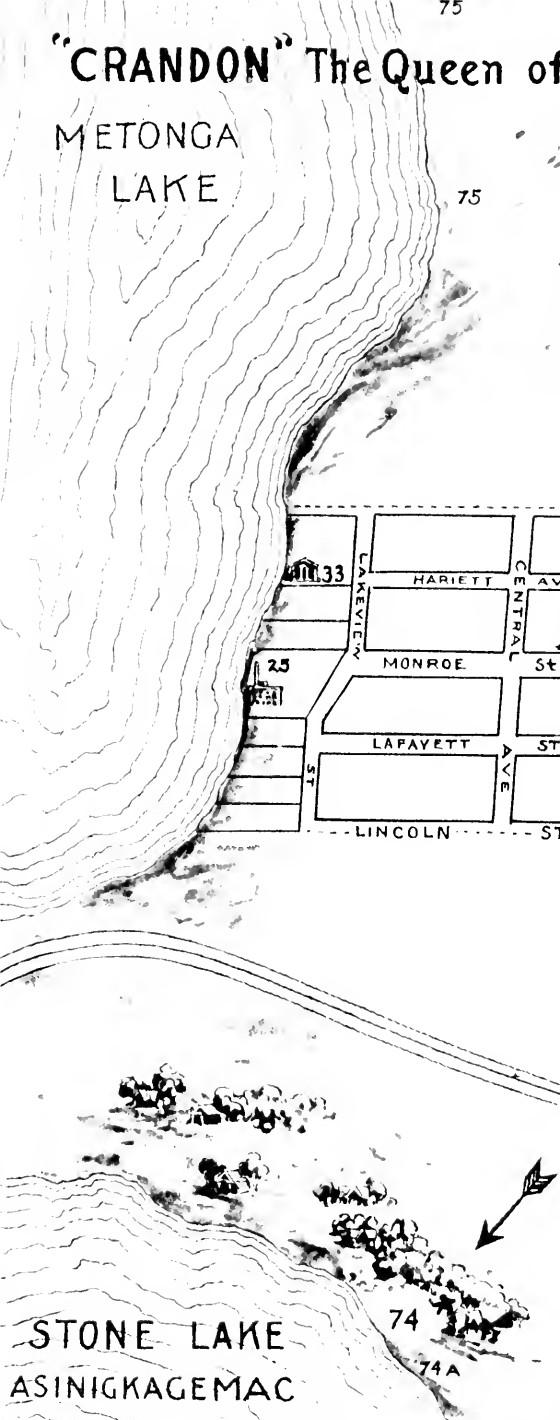
The Goddess rises and waves dismissal with her hand. Brother Crandon and the Accepted Brother bow before her and depart with renewed strength and cheerful hearts.

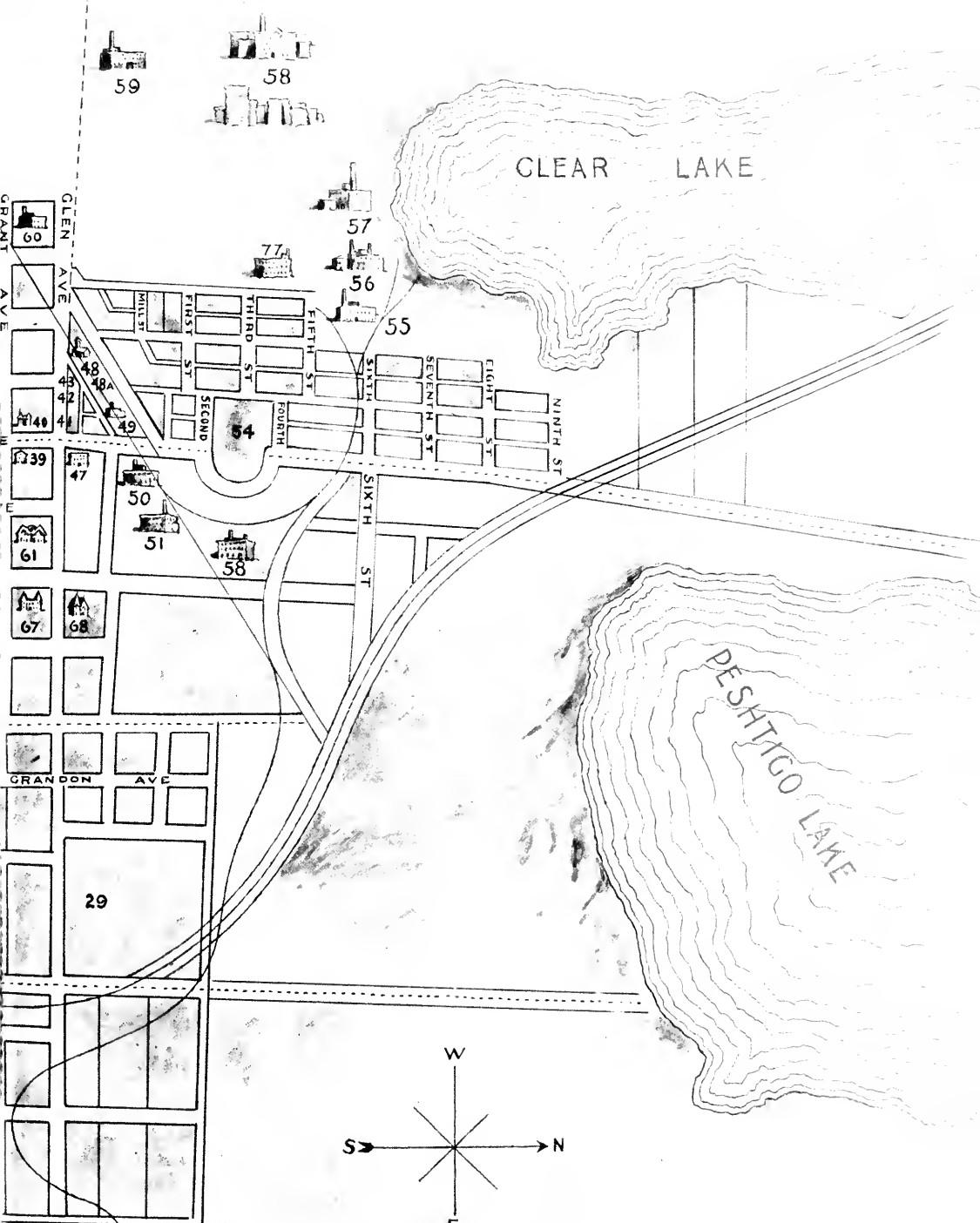
*Banga Shimo Hill (Chippewa) is "Sunset Hill", three miles East of Crandon on the east side of As-in-ig Ka-ge-mag (Stone Lake).



"CRANDON" The Queen of our Northern Woods"

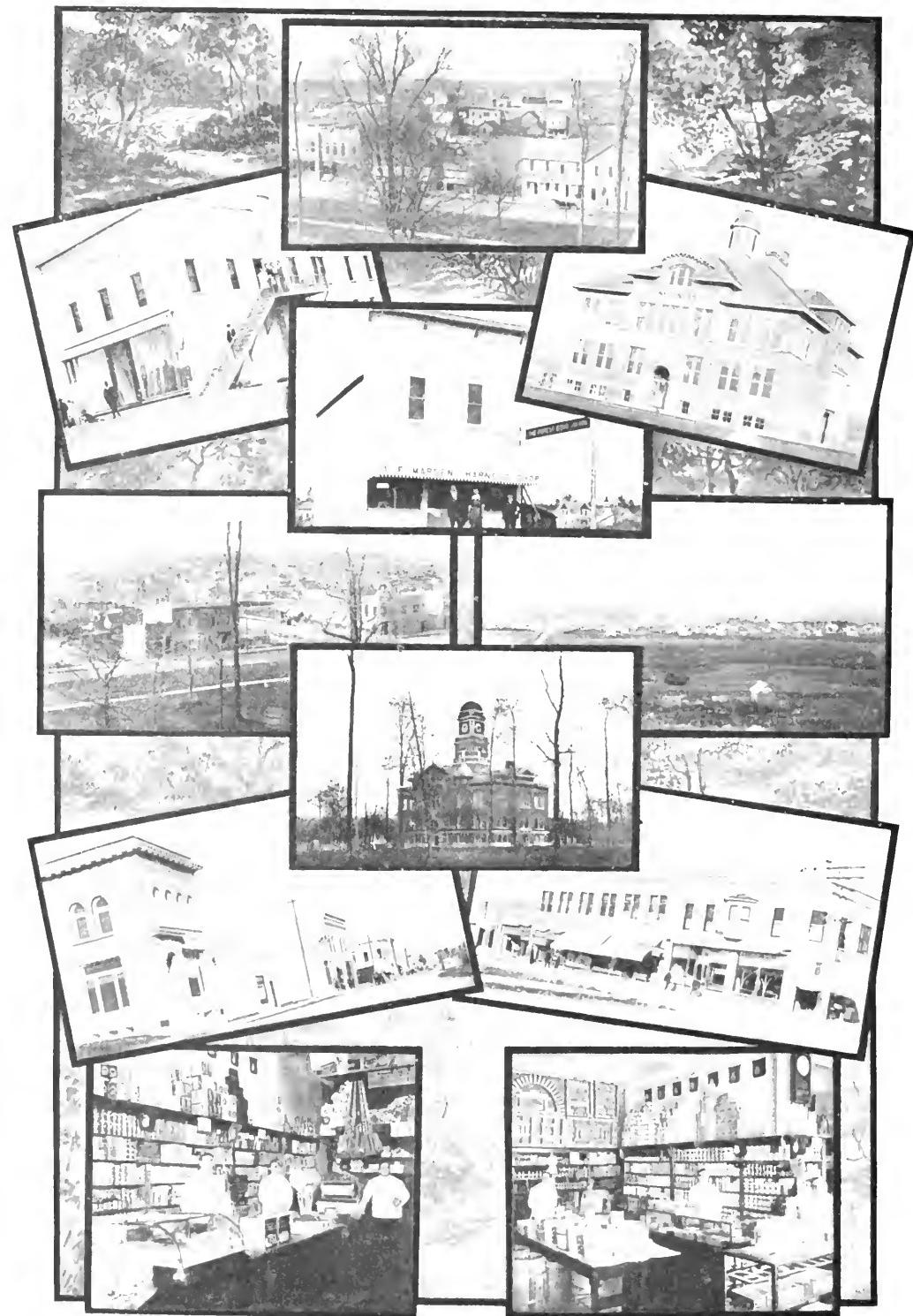
METONGA
LAKE

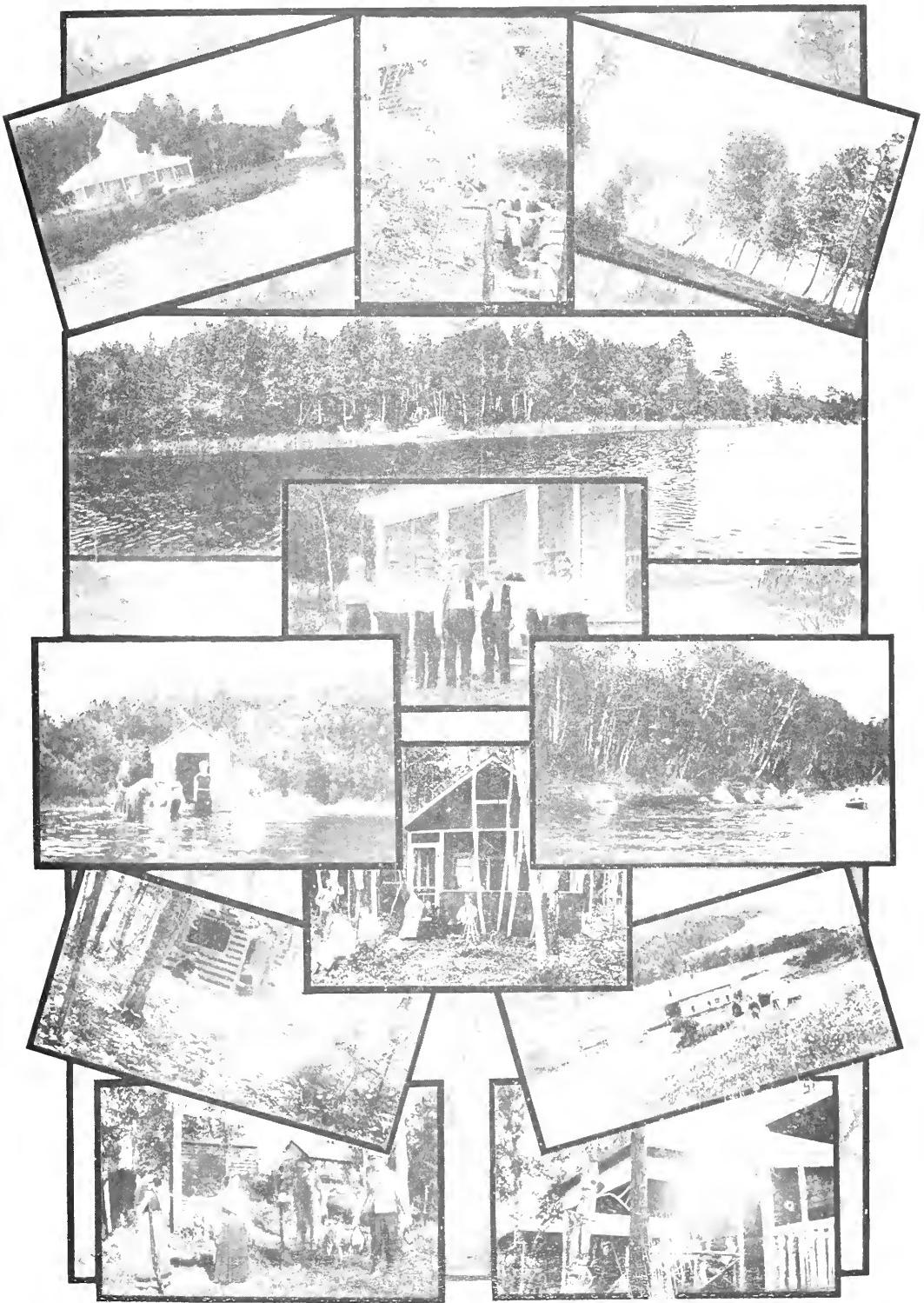


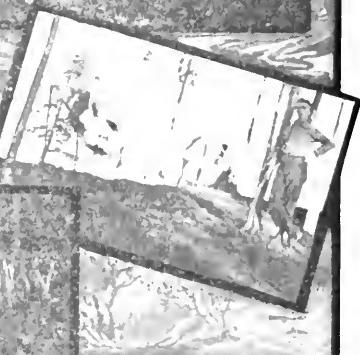


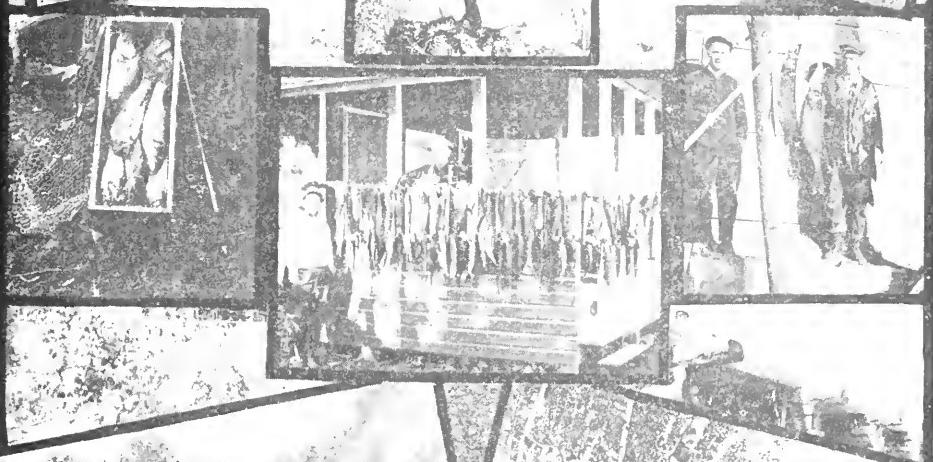
VD

- | | | | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|--------------------------------|
| ND | 11 | V. E. Humley, City Mayor's Office | 56 | Shew Huf Factory | 69 | S. L. Clegg, W. G. Clegg |
| Church | 15 | Red Cross Headquarters | 57 | Keith & Hiles Saw Mill | 70 | D. G. W. Davis |
| publican | 15a | Presbyterian Church | 58 | Keith & Hiles Lumber Yard | 71 | C. J. McLean, H. H. McLean |
| s Style Shop | 46 | Wm. Erickson, City Bakery | 59 | Toeff's Plumbing Mill | 72 | Pilbrow's Biscuit Store |
| Taylor Shop, | 47 | Fred J. Rogers, Garage | 60 | Crandon Creamery | 73 | Country Tailor |
| in. | 48 | Chicago & North Western Depot | 61 | North School | 74 | McLean Garage, Service Station |
| Millinery Shop | 48a | Western Union | 62 | G. W. Weldon, Super. of Schools | 75 | A. S. & C. Service Station |
| groceries | 49 | H. V. Kamm, Potato Warehouses | 63 | Fred Zehm's Livery | 76 | Ohio Laundry |
| hoe Store | 50 | Crandon Flour & Feed Co. | 64 | Woodmen Hall | 77 | Glenn's Garage |
| real Store, | 51 | Potato Warehouses | 65 | Minton's Livery & Sales Stable | 78 | Crandon Furniture Cleaners |
| ther Shop, | 52 | | 66 | Frances Shoemaker's Cabinet Sh | 79 | Central Telephone Service |
| | 53 | Laird & Wilson Mfg. Co. | 67 | Lutheran Church | 80 | Keith's H. H. Wrenches |
| | 54 | Public Park | 68 | Catholic Church | | |
| | 55 | Fred Frank's Broom Handle Fix | 69 | Court House | | |









Nestling cozily between beautiful lakes, surrounded by gentle wooded hills, the City of Crandon, the County Seat of Forest County, Wisconsin, is a revelation to our tourists and summer visitors.

The City lies in the center of the largest and highest plateau of Wisconsin and the climate of this region can be compared with the health-giving climate of Norway.

Owing to the high altitude, the pure plateau air, the constant but gentle breezes peculiar to the district, the summer is renowned for its refreshing coolness. The autumn, with its wonderful Indian Summer is exhilarating and rich with flaming colors.

FREEDOM FROM HAY FEVER IS HERE ASSURED. The balmy air filled with the scent of pine and balsam, make the climate excel that of the Mackinac Islands for those afflicted with this distressing trouble, or with catarrh, asthma and many other nose and throat troubles.

Both large and small lakes abound throughout the plateau, which is famous for its wonderful trout streams. Here are found the head waters of the Peshtigo, Wolf, Hunting, Lily, Rat, Otter, Oconto rivers, with their tributaries, among which Nashville, Drake, Swamp, Rogers, Geske, and Nine Mile Creek, are worthy of the trout fisher's attention. These rivers and creeks are all teeming with trout, while the lakes of the district offer the sportsman wonderful lake trout, bass, pike and pickerel fishing. Among the lakes can be mentioned Metonga, As-in-ing-Ka-ge-mag (Stone Lake), Rat, Silver, Birch, Rolling Stone, Pickerel, Dry, Crane, Booze, Ground Hemlock, Jungle, Riley, Roberts, Rice, Bass and Mole Lakes. Our deer, duck, geese and partridge hunting is unexcelled.

In these congenial climatic and scenic surroundings, the City of Crandon bids fair to become the center of the family resort life of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Fishing, boating and bathing facilities are unlimited and unexcelled; hill climbing; rambles through the natural parks of pine and hardwoods; picnics among wild strawberries, and the luscious raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry, currant, and huckleberry patches; excursions to the Indian reservations; and automobiling along scores of charming drives of infinite variety are the health restoring means of recreations.

For your comfort, the City of Crandon has provided in the smallest details. We are ready to serve the motoring tourists, as well as other visitors through our excellent banks, stores, hotels and garages. Our churches will throw their doors wide open to you. In short, all your needs will be well taken care of. The entire City will do its very best to make you feel at home, so that you will come back to us every summer.

Remember, that Crandon may be reached by the way of the Yellow Cross Trail, as well as the Yellow Diamond Trail. *The Big Fish Route* is the main thoroughfare of our city.

Respectfully,

THE CITY OF CRANDON.

County Seat of Forest County, Wis.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 098 227 5

